

A Speck of Dust

My experience has taught me that the role of a private detective is not always what fiction would suggest—a comfortable walk along the path of fame. Unless some brilliant coup is effected it is generally a monotonous round of tracking missing relatives or shadowing suspected "trusted" clerks.

At the time of which I write I had been in the profession for about three years, with no probability of obtaining recognition other than that afforded by the little brass plate bearing my name.

Then came the hurried message from Sir Thomas Johnson, the eminent engineer and head of the firm which bore his name, and I knew intuitively the longed-for opportunity had arrived.

Immediately on presentation of my card I was shown into a private office, where Sir Thomas, together with a young lady, seemed to be anxiously awaiting my arrival. In the latter I recognized his daughter, and, furthermore, that she was weeping.

"You are a private detective?" he asked, brusquely.

"I bowed affirmatively.

"I sent for you to unravel what appeared to be a very mysterious matter, but fortunately for all concerned my daughter has, unbeknowningly, been the means of explaining the whole business, and therefore your services will not be required."

I made some congratulatory remark, but inwardly cursed the girl's interfering propensities.

"Stop," she cried, as I prepared to retire. "Father, the case you indeed made up your mind that Mr. Whitbury is the culprit?"

He appeared surprised at her eagerness, and hesitated as though loth to distress her. "Suppose," he said at last, "my convictions are corroborated by this professional gentleman, will you grant that my actions are justifiable?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly. "That's fair; at any rate I'll try."

"Then," said Sir Thomas, drawing himself up, and proceeding in a business-like manner, "the facts are these. For some years past the firm has been engaged in experimental work in connection with textile manufactures, the nature of which is of no consequence at the present moment. We aimed at an entirely new method of production, differing from every known process in its extreme simplicity and the remarkable saving in the cost of manufacture. To obtain strict secrecy our experiments were conducted in premises apart from the works. Entrance to this building can only be obtained by the directors, four engineers, and the laborers necessary for the rough work. These are all paid a high rate of wages to ensure our confidence not being misplaced.

"The initial stages have been successfully passed, the directors devised more drastic methods to prevent the nature of their experiments leaking out, and for the past twelve months it has been the rule that the four engineers must all be present before any one of them can enter the premises. They are all, I may add, old servants of the firm, whilst the laborers have been chosen for their physical strength, intellectuality being unnecessary in their case.

"With these precautions we thought we were perfectly safe, but judge of our surprise when a rival firm a short time ago patented a certain piece of mechanism which proved conclusively that they were on the same track as ourselves. This, as a coincidence, was remarkable, and we waited for developments. None appeared; but immediately we proceeded to work again and perfected another portion, this was also patented by our rivals. Since that period various 'mistakes' have been made on purpose, and those being also patented justified us in coming to the conclusion—that put it plainly—we were being given away.

"We, of course, endeavored to trace the culprit, without result, and finally had to close our experimental shops pending his discovery. This loss of time may alone prove disastrous to us, but, on the other hand, progression appears to be simply giving the other firm the benefit of our ideas.

"It was to trace the culprit that your presence was requested here today. Before you arrived, however, my daughter chanced to call and showed me some panels of local views presented to her by Mr. Whitbury, our managing clerk for her stall at the forthcoming bazaar. Embarrassed upon the subject of the betrayal of our secrets, I was only half interested, until the thought occurred to my mind that a man so experienced was fully competent to take photographs of our experimental work, particularly when the keys were under his control. He was immediately called here, and, replying to my questions, admitted taking photos inside the works, although he knew perfectly well we have a rule strictly forbidding it. He had the audacity to show me these, but, of course, denies all knowledge of the secret work. His actions, however, have, to say the least, been suspicious, and I submit I am perfectly justified in suspending him until further inquiries have been made."

He stopped and, leaning back, waited my decision. It was an anxious moment. The man's guilt appeared conclusive, though circumstantially so. I looked at his daughter; she was pale, and breathing heavily. Poor girl, I pitied her, and, pitying, made up my mind. I guessed her secret, and resolved to hold her, if possible.

"Could the engineers have taken drawings?" I suggested.

"No," he replied, firmly. "They are paid to submit to the indignity of being searched if necessary, and

this course has several times lately been carried out."

"But surely details could be stored up in the mind, and afterwards put down on paper," I urged.

"Too complicated," he answered, decisively.

"At present I see nothing in Whitbury's actions to justify a conviction of his guilt," I remarked.

Sir Thomas sprang up in surprise, and his daughter let slip a genuine "Thank Heaven."

"Then the baronet rang the bell and asked the managing clerk to attend."

"This gentleman, Mr. Whitbury," he said, after a few introductory remarks, "thinks I may have been somewhat hasty in making the charge imputed to you. However, if you are willing, nothing further shall be said or done for another month. You will continue your duties as before, but if in a month from this date the real culprit is not produced I trust you will—well, have left the country."

"The conditions are hard, sir," returned Whitbury, with a sigh, "especially when the traitor has eluded capture so long. But, nevertheless, I accept them. To you, sir," he continued, turning to me, "my thanks are due; I know not the ways and means of detectives, but prove me—innocent and all I have is yours."

"Yes, do it, and I'll add to your reward £50," cried the girl, impetuously, and immediately retiring with blushing countenance.

Had the roof fallen the surprise could not have been greater. Whitbury seemed to forget his trouble, and held his head at least a couple of inches higher. Sir Thomas mentioned him to retire, and, deep in thought, suggested the same course to his daughter.

Immediately the door was closed he grasped my shoulder. "She offered you £50. Prove Whitbury innocent and I'll double it," he said.

The next day I obtained permission to look round the building in which the experiments had been conducted. It consisted of two rooms. One was filled with numerous engineering tools, the other being used as the erecting shop of the finished portions of the new work. I immediately recognized the impossibility of information of any value being obtainable from the mechanics' room. There parts of machinery were scattered about in seemingly hopeless confusion, and until they were ordered to be removed I was informed that even the men themselves were unable to form any idea of the complete machine which they, as a whole, represented. It was in this erecting shop, therefore, that I commenced operations. Not the slightest clue of any description was obtainable, and yet a close inspection confirmed my conviction that the guilty person was one of the employed, and one with a perfect right of entry. The only inlet was through the door leading from the mechanics' shop, whilst the windows of the new work-class and barred, offered no possibility of admission being obtained through them.

There was only one hope; work must be commenced again, and I must be one of the workers. To this arrangement Sir Thomas assented, and the next day I adopted the role of a laborer. The men, however, appeared above suspicion, interesting themselves very little, if any, in the work going on. Day after day we simply smoked the time away, occasionally giving the mechanics a hand with some particularly heavy work. When we arrived in the morning, the four engineers being present, we were admitted, and the doors locked. At noon we were as carefully watched out, no man being allowed to have his meals in the place. In the evening the same process was adopted.

In this manner three weeks passed, and Sir Thomas commenced to ask very pointed questions as to my progress, whilst Whitbury appeared to get more anxious as the days flew.

One night as I was pacing the office, and with defeat he entered, and with a forced calmness, handed me an envelope. It contained a copy of a formal notice to the directors of a meeting to be held five days later, for the purpose of "Handling them certain information he, Sir Thomas, has obtained respecting the betrayal of the firm's trade secrets," and enclosed in the same envelope was a first-class ticket to America. I threw the notice down and manifested impatience at the baronet's unreasonable spirit. And yet could he express any appreciation of his kindness in helping a man whom he thought guilty to escape from the punishment which he merited if his treachery should be fully established. It was a strange mixture of duty and friendship.

"I have definitely decided to remain and see the business through," said Whitbury.

The next evening Sir Thomas sent for me to his private house and suggested that, as my efforts appeared to have been in vain, I had better discontinue them. It was what I had expected and prepared for.

"No," I replied, firmly. "I have been given a month to unravel the mystery. My professional reputation is at stake"—he smiled—"and I'll do it."

"Does it not strike your professional mind as absurd," he continued, sarcastically, "to so completely ignore the evidence which already exists against?"

"Whitbury is innocent," I replied.

"Then, confound you, prove him so," he almost shouted. "But, remember, the time is short."

I left him crestfallen. Here was success waiting for me, and I was utterly incapable of grasping it. My brain reeled and commenced playing curious tricks. Trivialities before unnoticed now appeared strangely prominent. The men's characteristics, their apparel, the different sounds of the machinery in motion, all seemed to rise and claim their share of attention. One man smoking, another was always chattering. Yet another seemed blessed with an abnormal appetite, and appeared to be perpetually on a walk across the

erecting shop to take a biscuit out of the tin box he carried. This box was the subject of many a joke. There was nothing particularly striking about it, simply a plain square tin, thing common enough amongst workmen carrying their meals about, but the tender care bestowed upon it by its owner, the careful manner in which he always carried it away when leaving the building to return to his place, in exactly the same position on top of a cupboard in the erecting shop, made him the butt of our ridicule. He only smiled, however, and said the box had been given to him by an old chum, which partly explained the attention it received.

It was the eve of the last day, and utterly dejected I was preparing to leave the premises for the night, next day to admit failure, and in all probability see Whitbury arrested, when suddenly I observed on the floor the charred end of a piece of paper, used presumably to light some one's pipe. Whose I knew not, I picked it up unnoticed, and felt inclined to shout. It was black, and of the kind used to wrap round photographic plates.

I called upon Whitbury and informed him of my success. Photography was being used—but how? Now that I had got something substantial to work upon the time allowed had almost expired.

The next morning, immediately I entered the premises, I prowled round the pieces of machinery, but hunted in vain. Not a trace of anything in the shape of a camera could I find. Looking up suddenly, however, I noticed Roberts, the possessor of the tin box, intently watching me. Fool, it dawned upon me an instant—the box was in reality a camera. To obtain possession was my next move, but he appeared to anticipate such a course, and resolutely kept near me.

Time after time I approached Whitbury, left at the restaurant usually dined at, stating that he was hourly expecting to be informed that he was to consider himself under arrest.

One o'clock—we returned to work. The box seemed to fascinate me. Time after time I approached it, and just as often Roberts appeared. Two o'clock; I could stand it no longer, and made a determined effort to reach it. With a curse he flung himself upon me, and together we fell. The noise brought the engineers running in, and when we were separated I informed them of my suspicions. Roberts smiled triumphantly, and opened the box for their inspection; it was empty.

I collapsed in every sense of the word, whilst the engineers, after taking the precaution to lock the door, reported my conduct.

I was therefore left in the erecting shop with nothing but the confounded box to keep me company. I found myself gazing involuntarily at it—spellbound; and it was then I noticed that it appeared to be a small speck of dirt on its naturally highly polished surface. Almost unconsciously I tried to knock it off; it would not come, and my heart almost stopped beating—I had won! It was my turn now to call for Sir Thomas, and, wrapping my jacket around the box, I returned to my room, to such good effect that the engineers were glad to open the door. Roberts stepped forward and looked me keenly in the face, afterwards glancing round the shop. Not seeing his box he entered, and in a moment the door locked and him a prisoner.

At that moment Sir Thomas arrived, closely followed by Whitbury, who, hearing the message delivered, was naturally anxious to know the reason of the row.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Sir Thomas, angrily.

"It means," I replied, "that when engaging your laborers on account of their physical strength you should be careful that their simple, unthought features do not hide a brain formed for exposure. The box continued, placing the tin box before me, "is outwardly a strong tin box, but in reality a cleverly constructed camera. The absence of the lens makes it particularly difficult to detect its real use, whilst this small speck of dirt is sufficiently requisite for the purpose. It is naturally contained in the lid (fitted, by the way, with a false top) is a little bit of mechanism which you, as an engineer, will appreciate. When the handle is upright—that is, vertically from the lid—it is, to all intents, at the disposal of the person horizontally placing a portion of the false lid, containing the photographic plate, swings down directly behind the hole, and the exposure continues until the handle is once more raised. No attention whatever is necessary, for the camera is so constructed as to fire anything from one to three hours in a light such as this."

Roberts, being brought forward, corroborated my statements. Pin-hole photography had, so he stated, been his hobby, and when approached by one of the partners of the firm, he had offered him big rewards if he would use his hobby to find out the nature and, if possible, the details of our experiments, he had eventually agreed to do so, and would in all probability have succeeded had it not been for what was presumably a mere speck of dust.

Need I add that Sir Thomas was quick to make honorable amends to his chief clerk for the wrong he had done him in so repeatedly doubting his loyalty. Not only was Whitbury promoted to an even higher responsible position in the firm, but when shortly afterwards he made application for the hand of the girl who had believed in his honesty throughout, the baronet warmly welcomed him to the bosom of his family.—London "Tribune."

A "PIGEONGRAM" SERVICE

AUCKLAND HAS IT AND DOES NOT WANT A CABLE.

Four Hundred Birds in the Loft. Absolutely Trustworthy Service.

The value of the pigeon as a swift and sure messenger is well known, but that its undying home instinct and magnificent power of flight have been utilized to form a complete, thoroughly trustworthy mail service, is probably not known at all in this country. But such is the case, and so successful is the enterprise that its patrons have refused to adopt any other proposed means of communication. This service has been in use for several years between Newton Roads, Auckland, New Zealand, where the main loft is, and the Great Barrier and Maro Tiri Islands, on each of which there are three agencies. These agencies are known locally as post offices, though their system of operation is as near like that of the telegraph or cable office. The Original Pigeongram Service is the name given by S. Holden Howie, the youthful inventor and owner.

There were many interruptions to his chosen pastime. He shirked school and put in his time watching and making friends with all of the pigeons around his home. When he was caught—and it occurred often—his punishment was severe. But that didn't make any difference. Young Howie stuck by his feathered friends. And he has since proved that his childish perversity was wiser than all of his parents' and tutor's admonitions. One day

HIS OPPORTUNITY CAME.

The Great Barrier Island is about seventy-five miles, as the pigeons flies, to the northeast of Auckland. It is not a large island, but its rough soil holds a store of copper and other mineral wealth, and there are extensive forests of gum trees. Between the miners and the gum cutters and others necessary in a settlement of these two classes there are enough inhabitants to make several fair-sized little towns. Three of these are Whangaparua, Port Fitzroy and Oroville. The population is drawn largely from Auckland and the surrounding country, of which that city is the metropolis. Formerly there was no means of communication with home except by a little steamer, which made weekly trips. This would not have been so bad, but the boat began its return trip the same day that it arrived at the island, and the steamer was taken from relatives and friends could not be sent until the boat came again.

There came a day when some of the directors of the Great Barrier mines found it necessary to make an extended trip of inspection to their property. One of them, who was very desirous of communicating every day with his household, bethought him of young Howie's pigeons. He requested the loan of a few birds. The boy had several that were good homers and he gladly loaned them. They performed their mission to the director's and their owner's satisfaction. Howie had thus demonstrated the utility of the scheme he had so long harbored to a powerful and interested friend. As a result of that loan came the Original Pigeongram Service.

HOWIE BUILT A LOFT

at Newton Roads, his suburban home. Meanwhile he arranged his plans. Every effort was made to secure good birds. By purchasing and judicious breeding they were obtained, though for a time the increase in his loft hardly kept pace with the growing demands for their services. The installed agencies in the three Great Barrier towns, named and trained the birds to home both ways. Then he established another pigeongram line to the Maro Tiri Islands, which, translated, means the Hen and Chicken Islands, arranged for the same purpose, making six in all. The Maro Tiri Islands are a few miles northwest of the Great Barrier.

There are now 400 birds in the loft. This is a new and elaborate structure, built with every convenience, electric and otherwise, for housing and housing the pigeons. There are three divisions in the loft. The main one is a two-story building containing the office and the housing traps. The traps are electric so constructed that they may operate without trouble, automatically closing to prevent egress, and ringing the signal of the entry on an electric clock in the office. Opposite this building is another smaller one—the pigeon house, and between the two buildings are several feet above the ground is a large aviary. Leading to the aviary is a stairway and around it is a walk, for the convenience of both the workmen and visitors.

The operation of the service is elaborate and minute in detail. A record is kept of the time of departure and arrival of the birds, which are sent out in rotation, according to their numbers. The name of the sender of the message and the person to whom it is addressed are also registered.

THE MANNER OF FASTENING

the message to the bird has been improved with experience. At first, ordinary fine paper was used and the message was carefully tied to the bird's leg with a string. The cord often slipped out of place, injuring the bird, and the paper was too bulky and not durable enough. The first improvement was in the paper. The kind now in use has demonstrated its durability and perfect adaptability to the needs of the service. The sheets are eight by twelve inches in size, of the lightest, toughest Japanese tissue. The color is a light yellow-white. At the head of each sheet is printed a cut of the two most prized birds in the loft, Tira, and Velocity; the business and the name of the enterprise, the names of the stations and agents and the date line.

Six of these sheets may be included in a message, postage for which is one shilling, or 24 cents in our money. As one may write on both

sides of the paper it readily may be seen that the capacity of the message will meet the demands of even the most voluminous love epistle. When the message is written the sheets are placed together and folded lengthwise into a strip about an inch wide. This is wound tightly around the leg of the bird, and one would wind a strip of paper around his finger in making a paper ring. Then the loose end of the strip is fastened with a postage stamp.

This stamp is a novelty in itself. It is published by Mr. Howie and is not in any way the seal of the Government. On it is engraved the name of the enterprise and a likeness of one of the carriers. It has the perforated edges and the gummed back of the regular Government mail stamp, and is in the usual demand with collectors, by whom it is regarded as a great curiosity.

THOUSANDS OF MESSAGES

have been sent and not one lost. Every precaution is taken that none shall be. This is insured in the careful breeding, training and supervision of the birds. If the slightest fault is found in one of them, the bird is instantly shot. If a bird alights between the lofts it pays the penalty. If it comes in behind the maximum time schedule set for its passage it gets one more trial, and if it fails again it is killed.

A year ago the Government announced its intention of laying a cable from Auckland to the Great Barrier. The project was abandoned however, as the residents of the little island decided unanimously that they were very well pleased with the pigeons and that a cable would not be patronized. So the Government turned its attention to Howie. It offered to buy his whole mail outfit. He refused both that offer and one of a good-sized subsidy. He asserted that he was making money on his venture, and that he was too much in love with it to give it into other hands. Mr. Howie's brother, J. R. Howie, is the manager of the service. He has his headquarters in the main loft and has two assistants. They are busy all of the time, as there is an average of more than forty messages sent each hour and as many received.

The loft is a great point of interest to visitors, many of whom send messages for novelty's sake. The Prince of Wales while he was yet Duke of Cornwall and York, with the Princess and a party of friends, spent several hours at the loft. Mr. Howie knew of their visit in advance and made elaborate preparations. Streamers of red, white and blue were attached to every bird used that day. The result was almost disastrous, as the pigeons arrived at their destinations in all sorts of entanglements. Decorations will be dispensed with in the future.

Several lives have been saved with the "pigeongrams" when expedition in getting medical treatment was needed. Their utility has been demonstrated in every possible direction. Every departing ship carries a few of the birds with it. Releasing them at intervals on the voyage out. They are of inestimable service to the newspapers, and every war vessel going out for target practice or manoeuvres takes along several of them. Fifty of them have been trained to home for 500 miles in any direction.

WHY SAVAGES TURN IN THEIR TOES.

In the first place, the foot naturally takes that position when it has never been confined by boots or the ankle distorted by high heels. Convenience is also on the side of the natural position of the foot in the case of the savage, for he has to do much walking through long grass and undergrowth in forests. Consequently his progress would be much impeded if he turned his toes out to catch these obstacles instead of brushing them aside and outward, as he now does. Lastly, the savage uses his feet much more as a help to his hands than we do, and it is obvious that in doing this he must turn his toes in.

SOME WOOL FIGURES.

It is estimated that the value of wool worked up in one year is not less than \$115,000,000, and that in the course of its progress to the shelves of the tailor and draper it is increased in value between three and four fold. Whence comes this vast mass of material? A hundred years ago Great Britain depended almost entirely upon her own sheep. The great bulk of it now comes from Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; but a considerable portion, perhaps 20 per cent., comes from the River Plate, Asia Minor, the hill country of North India, and even Tibet.

BOMBS FOR WHALE FISHING.

A harpoon now in use is fired from a small cannon in the bow of a whale-boat. It is a short bar of iron, with a chain and a ring to fasten the rope to. The bomb-lance is now also generally used in whale fishing. It is a pointed cast-iron tube, filled with gun powder, which is fired from a gun. The bomb bursts inside the body of the whale, causing a dull sound, and the victim, turning a somersault, expires very soon, if not at once.

THE SAFEST PLACE.

Everyone is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm, but, if you must take refuge there, then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning it is the trunk which, presumably from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor, and which therefore suffers the most.

Java has thunderstorms on at least 97 days in the year, and in Jamaica there are often such storms on 150 days.

Keeping Friends.

There is nothing so very difficult in making friends; the trouble is to keep them. Pleasing manners and a taking way will always win admirers, but a lasting friendship must be built upon a firmer foundation than a transitory smile, an hour of high spirits or even great physical beauty. Of course it is a pleasure to feel that one is favored by some radically beautiful woman, but unless there be genuine congeniality between the two concerned the time will come when passive loveliness will cease to be attractive. To retain friendship one must be continually on the watch and not let the familiarity that comes from a lengthy knowledge of the other's life breed the contempt that so often follows a close intimacy.

To retain either friendship or love the illusions must not be dispelled. Do not, because you feel sure of your ground, let the commonplace enter in and monopolize the everyday affairs. Let the halo of sentiment hover over even the prosaic affairs of daily life, for, once dispelled, they can never form again, and in the one glimpse of the material side of the intimacy may be utterly destroyed a relation at one time thought to be eternal.

A Snug Fit.

An English tourist in the highlands tells the following amusing story: He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment.

At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and finding it a difficult operation he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir; you must move up a bit. Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of parliament you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space."

"Aye, aye, my friend," replied the farmer; "that's a very good for you that's been built that way, but ye canna blame me if I ha'na been constructed according to act of parliament."

Scots in American History.

It is a noteworthy fact in American history that of the four members of Washington's cabinet Knox of Massachusetts, the only New Englander, was a Scotch-Irishman; Alexander Hamilton of New York was a Scotch-Frenchman, Thomas Jefferson was of Welsh descent, and the fourth, Edmund Randolph, claimed among his ancestors the Scotch earls of Murray. New York also furnished the first chief justice of the United States, John Jay, who was a descendant of French Huguenots, while the second chief justice, John Rutledge, was Scotch-Irish, as were also Wilson and Iredell, two of the original associate justices; a third, Blair, was of Scottish origin. John Marshall, the great chief justice, was, like Jefferson, of Scotch and Welsh descent.—Charles R. Hanna's "Celt in America."

A Choice of Hymns.

When the English troops in South Africa were daily expecting the announcement of a peace settlement with the Boer leaders, a worthy dean telegraphed to Lord Kitchener from the Orange River Colony, saying: "As I am the acting chaplain and conducting divine service in many camps tomorrow, may I ask if the hymn 'Peace, Perfect Peace,' would not be a most appropriate one to give out to be sung?" And the great "K." wired back, "Please yourself, but I think 'Onward, Christian Soldier' quite as good."

Irish the Language of Lovers.

The Irish language is above all others the language of lovers. You may find in French or Spanish or Italian superlatives or diminutives of endearment, but you will never find anything so soft, so sweet, so subtle, so sad and sometimes so rapturously extravagant as you will find in the Irish language.

Working Him.

Boroughs—Say, old man, can you break a twenty so I can get a five dollar bill out of it?

Markley—Sure! Here you are. Where is your twenty?

Boroughs—Oh, you misunderstand me! I thought you had a twenty. Thanks! One five will do.

Literally.

"I suppose," said the supercilious stranger in town, "your city has had its ups and downs notwithstanding its present prosperity."

"Yep," replied the resident cheerfully; "still got 'em—streets being torn up and old buildings being torn down."

Roman Boxers.

A boxer of ancient Rome would have laughed contemptuously at the suggestion that he should use gloves in his boxing matches. To make his blows more effective it was the custom to hold in each hand a heavy ball of metal. With his fist thus weighted nearly every blow brought blood.

Her Mother.

Jack—Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex.

Charley—I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl.

Art, Not Nature.

Madge—After she's painted her face she always looks in the glass.

Marjorie—So that's one girl who does not hold the mirror up to nature.—Smart Set.

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